"But I do thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed Pawarden, shak-

times!" exclaimed Plawarden, shaking hands with boyish vehemence. "I am—I'm awfully obliged to you. When I came I was afraid I'd meet some such fate as poor Mr. Blacarda."
"What's that?" snapped Caleb, all geniality wiped from his voice.
"About Mr. Blacarda?" asked the boy in perfect invesses."

boy in perfect innocence. "Haven't you heard? It was in the morning pa-

"Too bad!" remarked Conover drily.
"Folks ought to be careful how they
try to jump onto heavy-movin' things.

Sometimes there's apt to be a surprise for the jumper. Now clear out! You can run an' tell Dey what I said if you want to. No, don't go thankin' me again. It's up to her, as I told you. Most likely, she'll send you about your business. So long!"

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Bridgeport, Conn.

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroader," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc.

NEW YORK FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY

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(Continued.)

"I shall make my way," averred the lad stoutly, "and even if I don't succeed at the law, I always have my literary work to fall back on."

"Your what?"

"My literary work. I was Yale correspondent for the Star all the time I was at college. And more of my stories are being accepted all the time by papers and magazines. And" seeking mightily to subdue the thrill of sublime pride in his voice and to speak in a matter-of-fact tone, as he played his trump card, "Last month I had a thirteen page story in Scribner's." a thirteen page story in Scribner's."
"Where?" asked Caleb, genuinely

rious. "In Scribner's" repeated Hawarden

Where's that?" in quired Caleb. "It's, —why Scribner's Magazine," explained the boy, in dire misery. "I got eighty dollars for it." he added with a pitiful clutch of his vanishing

Self-respect.
Caleb's eye brightened. He looked at Hawarden with a new interest.
"Eighty dollars?" he repeated. "How "About three days, I think," answered the boy, puzzled at the question.
"H'm! Not so bad. Hundred an

"H'm! Not so bad. Hundred an' ixty dollars a week with Sunday off. Why don't you stick to that instead f messin' around with the law?" "It was the tenth story I'd sent them," confessed Hawarden heroically "And it was the first one they took. That's the trouble with literature.

"So, as things stand now," pursued Caleb, "you've no real money. No sure prospects. An' you want to marry Dey Shevlin. You want her to share your nothin'-a-year. Or," he grated, "maybe you think it'd be nice to live on her cash?"

"I think nothing of the sort!" flared Hawarden, scarlet with anger. "I'll not stand that sort of talk even from her guardian. I wouldn't touch a penny of any woman's money if I "So, as things stand now," pursued Caleb, "you've no real money. No sure prospects. An' you want to marry Dey Shevlin. You want her to share

not stand that sort of talk even from her guardian. I wouldn't touch a penny of any woman's money if I were starving! I—"

"That sounds kind of like a book, too," commented Caleb. "But you mean it. I'm glad you do I think I kind of like you. So, instead of throwin' you downstairs, I'm goin' to waste a whole minute talkin' to you. You're a pice.

After all, why not—?

A clerk entered with a card. Conover's mouth set in a grim smile as he gianced at it.

"Send him in," he said, moving across to his desk chair. "I seem to be holdin' a levee of the ar'stocracy this mornh."

Reuben Standish, gaunt, gray and downstairs, I'm goin' to waste a whole minute talkin' to you. You're a nice kid. You come here bristlin' with book learnin' an' idees of honor an' you make your little speech to the stony hearted guardian an' stand ready to say 'God bless you, sir, for them kind words!' or 'You've busted two young hearts!' No, you needn't squirm. It's so. But you can rub this mornh' "Reuben Standish, gaunt, gray and stiff as ever was ushered into the private office. The old man's face was a monotone of drab, save for a ruddy patch on either cheek bone where constony hearted guardian an' stand ready to say 'God bless you, sir, for them kind words!' or 'You've busted two young hearts!' No, you needn't squirm. It's so. But you can rub them kind words?' or 'You've busted two young hearts!' No, you needn't squirm. It's so. But you can rub both remarks off the slate. Neither of 'em'il be needed. You've the good sense to fall in love with the dandiest girl that ever happened. But what have you got to offer her? Besides your valuable self. I mean? 'You're asking for the greatest thing in all this world. Do you give anything in exchange? 'Not you. You want her,—her with her pretty ways, an' clever brain an' gorgeous little face. An' you can't even support her. You're no money—no prospects. An' you want her to exchange herself for that. Her that could marry a millionaire if she wanted to."

"I'm—I'm wiling that the engage.

wouldn't ask her to marry me till I able to condense his wishes to the degree Caleb suggested. This, however, was of little account, since the Fighter and all of us—would be delighted to have the pleasure of sittin' by, eatin' her heart out, waitin'—growin' older ev'ry year,—losin' good chances,—bein' side-town tracked at parties an' so on, because she's engaged an' no longer in the marriage market,—waitin' year after year—maybe till all her prettiness an' her youth's gone—just on the chance that you'll some day be able to support a wife? You don't mean to be orooked. You're only just foolish. But look the thing in the eyes an' tell me: Is it square? Is it an honest the roll of the mother of the product of the produc the one girl in the world you ought to do most for?"

"But with such an incentive,"
pleaded the boy, "I'd surely make
my way quickly. In a year at the
most! I'd work—I'd work so hard for Caleb leaned to one side and threw open the window by his desk. With the warm soft air of Spring rushed in the steam of sibilance and clangor

in the steam of sibilance and clangor of the railway yards.

"Look down there!" ordered Conover, pointing out. "More'n a hundred men in that yard, ain't there? Dirty-faced men with stooped shoulders an' soiled clothes. Not a one of 'em that's got a fam'ly resemblance to Romeo. What are they doin'? Workin'! Every mother's son of 'em workin' harder than you or any of your fam'ly ever worked or ever could work. How'd their faces get dirty an' stoopid an' their shoulders bent over? By workin' An' who are they workin' for? For themselves? Not them. Each one of 'em's workin' for some woman. An' most of 'em for a bunch of measly kids as well. Workin' all day an' ev'ry day, till they in' all day an' ev'ry day, till they drop dead or wear out an' go to the poorhouse. An' the women they work for are workin' too. Workin' at washfor are workin' too. Workin' at washboard or scrub-brush to eke out the
men-folks' an' brats' livin' Work!
Work! Work! All their lives. But I
don't see any of 'em gatherin' in
front of the footlights an' singin' a
chorus about how happy they are, or
how their hard work has made their
wives rich an' lazy. Are you any
harder for Desiree than they are workin' for the slatternly, slab-sided, downat-heel women at home? Don't you
s'ppose every one of those men once
planned to make his wife a lady an'
to 'cons'crate his toil' to her? Think
it over, son; an' get a better argument than the silly fact that you're
willin' to do your dooty by workin'
for Desiree. Hell's full of workers."

"It all seems so horrible—so gross"It be gout into the fatal mistake
that had, a century earlier, in France,
caused the severance of a goodly numderestimating a proletariat opponent.
And now, unwittingly, he was about to
her of noble hreads;—the error of underestimating a proletariat opponent.
And now, unwittingly, he was about to
her pf noble hreads;—the error of underestimating a proletariat opponent.
And now, unwittingly, he was about to
hard now, unwittingly new about to
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And now, unwittingly new as about to
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And now, unwittingly new as about to
her pf noble hreads;—the error of underestimating a proletariat opponent.
And now, unwittingly new as about to
her pf noble hreads;—the error of undeurestimating a proletariat opponent.
And now, unwittingly new as about to
her pf noble hr

-but you're right, sir. I can see it He stretched his hands out before

in an impulsive gesture of desfinished Caleb, "it hadn't ought to be hey? Most things hadn't. But most things are. Now look here! I've wasted a lot of time an' a lot of bad tastin' truths over you. I don't know why I did it, except that I always like to jaw after I've had a big fight on. It kind of lets off steam. big fight on. It kind of lets off steam. There's the answer in a nutshell. I'm Miss Shevilin's guardian. What Miss Shevilin wants, she's going to have, if I have to buy the White House for her. If she wants you she can have you. If she don't want you—all the consent I could give wouldn't amount to a hoot in Hades. Pers'nally, I think you'd better wait till you grow up an' get a job before you talk 'bout marryin'. But it's her affair. Not mine. If she wants you she can have you. Put it up to her. It's past me, an' now trot along. You've taken more of my time than you could pay for in a dozen thirteen page stories. Don't stop to thank me. Chase."

"I-you were so kind as to help me "An' that gives me a license to do it again?" suggested Caleb. "That s to be the rule all the world over. rest of your crowd are either as bad off as you; or have too much sense to put cash into a sinkin' enterprise, hey? So we come 'a runnin' to the easy mark, Caleb Conover. He'll be flattered to help us out."
"Mr. Conover!" caughed the poor old

"That's all right," laughed Caleb.
"I'm goin' to help you out. So don't
get any grayer in the face than you
are already. I'm goin' to help you out for two reasons. First, because if I don't, you're ruined. Flat broke an'—"
"Oh, no, Mr. Conover!" exclaimed
Standish, tremblingly. "Not in the very least. It is a temporary crisis which-"

"Which is goin' to become perm'nent unless I sling out a life rope. What's the use of lyin' 'bout it?" Standish laughed. The pitiful, mirth-

less laugh of the man who is insulted and dare not resent the affront; who compromises with trampled self re-

you heard? It was in the morning papers. It seems he was jumping on a moving street car, up at the Capitol, yesterday afternoon, when his foot slipped on the steps and he was dragged along, face downward, for nearly half a block. Two of his ribs were broken, and his body is covered with bruises. The papers say his face is battered almost beyond recognition."

"Too bad!" remarked Conover drily. "Why of course! Of course!" cried the other wholly puzzled as to the trend of Caleb's words; yet unfeignedly happy—and therefore eager to be genial—over the solution of his finan-cial tangle. He coughed a pleasant

acquiescence.

"But," went on Caleb, "it just occurs to me I ain't been as neighborly with you as I'd oughter."

Absent-mindedly, as he talked, Conover drew forth his check book from a drawer and laid it onen before him

Waving out the bewildered, delighted youth, Caleb threw himself back in his leather chair and fished from a drawer and laid it open before him, fingering its long pink slips. in his leather chair and fished from a case the ever-present cigar. A tower-ling pile of work lay untouched on his disk. But he gave it no heed. With a queer, wholly inexplicable contraction at the heart he lay there thinking. At first he tried to laugh at the memory of the boy's loftly worded pretensions. But somehow he could not. He recalled what Caine had said about Desiree marrying "the right man." Hawarden fingering its long pink slips "No," he continued.

"No," he continued, forestalling Standish's perplexed reply, "I ain't been so neighborly as I should. You've been around here to see me several times, now—An' I've never once returned any of your visits. It's about up to me to come to see you. When'll I come?"

"Why—by all means! By all means!" declared Standish with effusion. "Come and lunch with me, some day,—shall we say, at the Pompton Club? Why not to-day? I shall be delighted. If—"

"I don't go out to lunch," objected Conover. "Haven't time. But I'd be glad to eat dinner with you."

Conover. "Haven't time. But I'd be glad to eat dinner with you."
"Certainly. Why, of course. Any evening you say. The chef we have now at the Pompton Club."
"I don't want to dine at the Pompton Club." said Caleb sulkily. "At the Arareek, then. We're both members there. What evening—?"
"Nor the Arareek, neither," answered Caleb. "Eatin' food with a man at his club ain't what I call bein' neigh-

lars a week of my own. I'll give it all to her.' You've no money—no prospects. An' you want her to exchange herself for that. Her that could marry a millionaire if she wanted to."

"I'm—I'm wiling that the engagement should be a long one," hesitated the boy batting futilely against the vulgar truth of Caleb's words. "I must be a great thing to wield so powerful an influence over one's fellow men—I"

"Say," interposed Caleb. "Quit standing one on down an' tell me what you want. Make it as short as you want. Make it as short as you can."

It appeared that Mr. Standish wanted much; though he did not seem to be able to condense his wishes to the demandal of us—would be delighted to wishes you as our guest at dinner that

(To be Continued.)

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In Spite of the Song. "Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert, who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung a song in

a very painful way. "Not particularly," replied the young man frankly, "but I am extremely fond

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manufactures soothing sirup. Priends and Foes.

Dear to me is the friend, yet can I nake even my very foe do me a friend's part. My friend shows me what I can do; my foe teaches me what should do.-Schiller.

To act with common sense according to the moment is the best wisdom I know.-Walpole.

When—

You've got the amount fixed in your mind, down to the last cent. You know how much you really need. Start off with the biggest sum first. How much?"

Standish tremulously blurted out his statement. When one was dealing.

statement. When one was deali with a boor like this Conover, the

was surely no need for finesse. The fellow was as blind to the finer shades of business dealings as to the usages of gentle life. Therefore, why hesitate

ruffled dignity laid bare his financial

And the big, red haired than lolled

And the big, red haired than lolled back in the opposite chair watching his stately visitor from between alert, half shut eyes. The Fighter had waited, worked, planned, for months, for this very interview. Had Standish been better versed in sign-reading, he might have seen marks of Conover's passage all along the tortuous finance trail that had at last led to this pri-

trail that had at last led to this pri-vate office and still more private con-

But Standish had fallen not only into

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